

Steamy Bad Boy Hockey Romance

“Axel Pryce, I’m your biggest fan.”

I’m not sure what the big deal is. This happens every week. She finds me outside of the locker room. I don’t ask how she got here, and I don’t rat her out to security because I’m what you’d call a gentleman. She flowers me with compliments, so I return the favor. I tell her she’s beautiful. Doesn’t even matter if it’s true, it’s what she wants to hear.

She wants this. She wants to flash me her tits. She wants me to run my finger around her areolas and tell her I’ve never seen breasts like hers before. This is a game, just like the one I play on the rink. And I play it well.

Except this time, at this stadium, with this broad, it goes further.

“Just don’t come in my hair,” she tells me as she kneels between my legs.

We’ve found a utility closet down the hall, away from the press, and my shorts are already down to my ankles. This isn’t my fantasy, it’s her’s. I’m just living in it.

She’s not bad. Too much teeth for my liking, but I let her think she’s a pro. I wonder what her name is. She’s always a Courtney, or a Beth, sometimes Nicole. Their names pour over me like my Porsche as it goes through the car wash. Soon enough it’s spotless and dry, with no memory of the water.

I’m not even thinking about her when I come. This was never about her. I was simply giving her what she wanted, what she asked for. This is easily the most passive

blowjob I've ever received. I'm not even enjoying it, to be honest. All part of a day's work—

“Oh shit,” I grunt. That came out of nowhere. And wouldn't you know, it goes all over her hair.

That's really what this is about. It's not the sex in the closet, or another headline featuring my name. I shot my load on her hair, and now she wants to destroy me. If I'd only aimed a few inches down and coated her face, we'd be fine. She'd go home with her girlfriends and tell this story at every cocktail party she attends. Sometimes you miss your goal, and it haunts you for the rest of your life.

Don't I know it?

It's not easy being Axel Pryce. Sometimes I wish I had a normal life. Maybe if I had a regular job, with average looks, and my hockey arm wasn't insured for ten million, things would be easier for me. No one likes listening to celebrities complain, but if anyone else were in my shoes, they'd have a hard time, too.

For one thing, there is no privacy. Anytime I meet a girl, at a bar or a club or sometimes even outside the locker room, I can't just sleep with her. I have to read all about it in the papers, all over social media. Sometimes I even make it to primetime. My friends see it. My mom sees it. Everyone knows I last a long time, and my favorite position is reverse cowgirl, and I like to cuddle afterwards. Like, everyone knows. And that's not cool, man. That's private. Can't I tap it in peace?

Not to mention my grueling work schedule. I'm always traveling, always on the road. I spend most of my hours with a group of guys who smell like wet socks, who are all

jealous of me and petty about it. They listen to music on their headphones and don't say a word to me. I think they want to flip me off, but then I score the goals and win the game so they say nothing. But I see their glances. Every time they glare at me from the side of their eyes, or ogle at my piece in the locker room, it's not a good feeling. You want to get along with your team, but instead I have to compete with them, too.

Maybe I should have been a plumber like my pops.

Property of Tony Clemente Jr